Vol. II. MAY, 1911. No. 1.

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Annual Subscription to THE CROSS, Three Shillings, post free.

Business Letters to be addressed to the Manager, Mt. Argus, Dublin;

Literary Communications to the Editor, St. Joseph's, Highgate, London, N.

Unsuitable MSS. will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

Miscellanea.

With this number we open the second volume of The Cross. If anyone had told us at the inception of the work that the end of the first year would find our magazine in the flourishing and independent condition in which it now is, we should have heard his prediction with the coldest incredulity. But the grain of mustard seed has fructified marvellously. The Cross is not only widely read throughout these kingdoms, it has large numbers of subscribers in North and South America, in Australia, and in English-speaking countries generally. Its circulation has been increasing rapidly month by month, and still continues to increase. It has rallied old friends round us with fresh enthusiasm, and has made us many new ones. To

these, and to all who have helped to make the work a success, we wish to express our warmest thanks, and the hope that the willing hearts and hands which have done so much for us in the past year will not fail us in the year that is opening. On our part, we shall do our best to make the magazine in get-up and contents still more worthy of the generous encouragement that has been extended to it.

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We are continually receiving applications for back numbers of THE CROSS, several of which are out of print and can no longer be supplied. A few reserve copies of our first year's issue are now, however, in the hands of the binders, and will shortly be ready. Those who wish to provide themselves with a complete set of Vol. I. should send in orders as soon as possible, as the number of copies available will be distinctly limited, and we shall have to apply the rule of "first come, first served" to the applications received.

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Complaints have frequently reached us during the past year that THE CROSS costs three halfpence for postage. We intend to remedy this defect by somewhat curtailing our advertising space. The amount of reading matter will be increased, but our readers will be able in future to send the magazine to friends abroad at the cost of one penny for postage.

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In order to encourage readers to procure new subscribers for us, we shall forward to everyone who sends us the names and addresses of seven annual subscribers, with remittance for £1 1s., a copy of the new edition of "The School of Jesus Crucified," a standard work on the Passion, beautifully bound in an octavo volume, cloth gilt.

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We recently received news from Rome that Father Dominic of the Mother of God, the founder of the Passionists in these kingdoms, is shortly to be declared Venerable. Father Dominic not only founded the Congregation of the Passion in Great Britain and Ireland, but also in Belgium. And both his foundations flourish exceedingly. The Belgian Province now consists of five houses, at Ere, Courtrai, Wesembeck, Mook (Holland), and at Roustchouk (Bulgaria). The apostolic school at Courtrai, in which candidates for the Order are educated and prepared for their novitiate, has generally a body of fifty postulants within its walls, and the houses of study for professed students are in an equally flourishing condition. The Fathers of the French Province have, since their dispersion, founded two houses in Belgium, at Péruwelz and Moustier, as well as the house at Jerusalem. The Belgian Province has lately been placed under the patronage of Blessed Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows.

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Clients of Blessed Gabriel will remember that his feast occurs on the 31st of May—the closing day of the month

dedicated to the Mother of God, to whom he had such an extraordinary and almost unique devotion. THE CROSS was started under his patronage in the month that he loved best. May he obtain for all its readers a share of his love of Mary, and a measure of that maternal care which stood himself in such good stead.

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The Life of Gemma Galgani has sold with such rapidity that a very large proportion of the first big edition has already been disposed of. Everyone speaks in the highest terms of the beauty and interest of the book, and of its splendid value for a shilling. The surprising number of orders that have come by post is of itself a magnificent testimony to the wide-spread circulation of THE CROSS, as there has not yet been time for a notice of the book to appear in other magazines and reviews.

The Student's Dilemma.

BY P. DOUGAN.

A VERY intelligent girl was Edith Hickson. She sat and talked to Edward Blench on subjects of doctrinal importance, receiving from him the instructions which formed the object of her frequent visits during the past three months. A convert to the Catholic Church, she was attending the instructions necessary to her formal reception of the sacraments of Baptism and Penance.

"I think I have made fairly good progress, Mr. Blench," she said cheerily, "but since we are on the sacraments, which you have so nicely explained, there is one difficulty I should like to get over."

"I am glad there is only one," he returned, "and what may that be?"

"Matrimony, of course: not that I don't understand what it means, but—perhaps, the remark is rather personal—as you have already told me it is a channel of grace by which great assistance is given to those who receive it worthily, why do not the Catholic clergy avail themselves of this means of adding to their store of grace?"

Edward Blench did not look surprised. With a half smile he leisurely crossed his legs and said: "Certainly the clergy need all the spiritual assistance it is possible to obtain, and the sacrament of Matrimony undoubtedly confers grace. To answer you fully I would need to look up St. Thomas, whose dictum is final on such matters. However, as I do not intend to undertake the responsibilities of the married state. the special necessity for grace in that direction will not exist in my case. Only for those who marry will the helps conferred by the sacrament of Matrimony be required."

Edith's face had changed, and she seemed somewhat downcast and disappointed.

"Why so sad looking?" he remarked. "Surely the talk about the responsibilities of the married state does not distress you."

"Oh, no! not that. I was thinking of other things you said."

"Come, now," he said quizzingly, though kindly, "have I said anything so terribly abtruse that you have missed the point of my explanation "

"I would rather you did not insist," she replied. "Of course, the reason you gave for the clergy not requiring matrimonial assistance is very satisfactory. Still, if you really want to know what was unsatisfactory to me I must be candid. It seems a pity that you should have made up your mind to deprive some one of your love and society. I know the state of life you intend to enter obliges you to that course. Therefore, I feel a sort of sympathy for the lady you might otherwise have married."

"There is hope yet," he answered, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "Although I am in my third year's theology I could still decline to go on. Indeed, many students, for various reasons, have given up within a few months of ordination, have married, and turned out splendid business men. I can also sympathise with that hypothetical lady whom my decision has deprived of an excellent husband——"

"I scent sarcasm," she interrupted, "but 'there's many a true word spoken in jest.'"

"Perhaps, I should not be so cruel as to disregard entirely the lady's feelings were she foolish enough to expend them upon me. Besides we men are such uncertain creatures, one never knows what one may do at a future time. Then, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that the priesthood may not be my vocation, and, if not, something to prevent ordination will undoubtedly happen."

"How encouraging for the lady we are considering!" she returned. "And now I suppose I have bothered you long enough on the matrimonial question, and this day's instructions being finished, you will be glad to be alone."

She rose to go, presenting an attractive picture as she stood pulling on her gloves. She had not too much colour, her skin was smooth and pure, and jet-black hair gave her something of a foreign look. Her face was of that kindly type which makes one feel quite at ease in the presence of its possessor. Almost unconventional, she took no notice of apparent neglect or forgetfulness to apologise for imaginary offences. She did not mind whether her male friends always took off their hats when they met her, or whether they were careful to "beg pardon" when anything she said had to be repeated. In a word, her mind was above trifles. Strong intellectual traits marked her character; hence the reason of the instructions received from Edward Blench being the means of mutual enjoyment.

Edward Blench belonged to the fair type of manhood; clear blue eyes, light brown hair, and with a half serious, half humorous expression which not unpleasantly attracted the observer.

"I am sorry there is only another meeting for instructions," she said, as she extended her hand, which he shook rather tenderly.

"I, too, would rather these interviews continued a little longer, but then my allotted time is drawing to an end, and I must join the other students at Paris in the beginning of October." He accompanied her to the door and down the little steps on to the white gravelled walk.

"Good-bye, and—forget the possible lady we were speaking about."

"Good-bye," he said simply.

On returning to the sitting-room his eye caught sight of her through the half-drawn curtains of the window. She paused for a moment or two at the turn of the road to exchange a few words with the housemaid just returning from the farm with two huge milk cans in her hands. A three-quarter view of Edith's face stood clearly out—an ideal posture for a snap-shot. The camera with which he spent many pleasant hours lay on the table fully loaded and ready. Acting on impulse he raised it, the next moment securing her image on the negative.

The little chapel-house where Edward Blench was spending his vacation belonged to St. Joseph's Church, the only Catholic place of worship in the not inconsiderable suburb of Ponton. Benjamin Hickson, a prosperous merchant, lived in a good way in a neighbouring villa called "Laurel Den." He was well acquainted with Father Mandlin, the parish priest, who for some years past discharged all the parochial duties without a curate. Mr. Hickson, a staunch Church of England man, called upon Father Mandlin to make arrangements in consequence of his daughter's desire to receive instruction in the Catholic Faith.

"My daughter has strong opinions and seems determined to carry them out. I have no wish to prevent her, because I believe in liberty of conscience. Therefore, I should like to arrange with you about giving her further instruction in Catholic doctrine."

"I am glad to find that you have no objection to your daughter's changing her religion, and I shall be happy to do my best to accommodate myself to your wishes," replied Father Mandlin.

"I don't think I could prevent her," said Mr. Hickson, "even though I did place myself as an obstacle: she has had a longing for Catholicism ever since her aunt Marian gave up Anglicanism for life in a Catholic convent—she is now Mother Superior of a convent a short distance from Manchester."

"A very natural tendency," said Father Mandlin; "but as to giving her instructions, that is a duty I would gladly perform, only, as you see, I am getting old, and besides the duties of St. Joseph's, whilst not sufficient to occupy fully two priests, are yet arduous and numerous enough for one. I propose, therefore, to place her in the hands of my nephew, Edward Blench, who, I am sure, is well qualified to impart an accurate knowledge of the Church's doctrine. He has come to live with me for a few months, having been ordered rest from study by his medical advisers. If you have no objection I think your daughter would

obtain from him all that is necessary for formal reception into the Catholic Church."

"Personally I quite agree with your suggestion, and I suppose"—this with a broad smile—"she will scarcely decline his tuition."

"In fact," continued Father Mandlin, "I think my nephew is better suited for the work than I am. My theology is naturally a bit rusty, and there are so many up-to-date religious difficulties now that I think a young man fresh from the schools is eminently suited for such work as smoothing the way for a convert."

"Very good, Father Mandlin, this arrangement should suit admirably, only I hope the upshot will not be an elopement," said Benjamin Hickson, with a hearty laugh.

"Ecclesiastical students come to his stage are expected to be impervious to the glamour of feminine beauty. But, of course, one can never tell," said Father Mandlin naïvely, glancing in the direction of the sitting-room where Edward Blench sat all unconscious of the beginning of a train of circumstances which had a curious ending.

. . . . . .

On her last visit to St. Joseph's presbytery Edith Hickson had feelings not unmixed with sadness. Her steps were slower as she approached the little green gate which opened on to the white gravelled walk leading to the house. There was nothing in the weather to exercise a depressing influence upon her spirits. Bright sunshine lit up the beautiful flowers that grew in profusion on each side of the walk, and the reflection from the newly whitewashed farmhouse standing some fifty yards to the right added a touch of purity to the scene.

What a fearful clang the bell seemed to give as she waited at the door! It must be her nerves that caused such sensitiveness. Hitherto she had grown to look upon these visits as conferring upon her a kind of familiarity with the place: yet to-day a sense of strangeness made her feel shy and awkward as the cherry-faced housemaid opened the door.

She passed in mechanically and walked straight into the sitting-room, forgetting, in her preoccupation, to knock. Edward Blench—expecting her, of course—hastily gathered up something he had been working with at her entrance.

Recollecting herself immediately a deep blush covered her face as she exclaimed: "Pardon me, Mr. Blench, for being guilty of such rudeness. I cannot quite explain my conduct. I hope you will not be offended at my sudden intrusion."

"Don't agitate yourself on my account: I was expecting you, and was just putting the finishing touches to some of my camera work," he answered with perceptible confusion. "And now I suppose we shall have to make the most of the present occasion by recapitulating the points touched upon in our instructions."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to interest myself in those matters to-day: other things have lately obtruded themselves on my attention. My feelings are not quite the same as when I began to learn the Christian doctrine from you. I have learnt other lessons too: an impression has been left upon me

which I could not avoid—something totally beyond my power to control."

She paused almost breathless, for she had spoken rapidly, as if she wished to finish before breaking down.

Edward Blench did not look at her, but kept his gaze fixed upon the scarlet table-cover with the fantastic pattern wrought in the centre.

Then he said slowly: "Miss Hickson, I will not be so presumptuous as to say that I understand your feelings, but I feel sure your words are prompted by praiseworthy sentiment. Honest and candid, you have naturally responded to your instincts of goodness. I can appreciate your desire to set aside the usual purpose of these visits, for I confess that I hardly now feel disposed to undertake a lecture."

"You are too kind in thus interpreting my words and conduct, but at the risk of appearing indelicate, even unmaidenly, I must be true to myself, to the promptings of my heart, and confess that I feel now as though I no longer belonged to myself. Forgive me for saying that in teaching me to be faithful to religion you have all unconsciously to yourself taught me another lesson——"

Covering her face with her hands she burst into tears. He laid a hand gently on her arm and with forced calmness—for she could not observe his agitation—said:—

"I am all unworthy of this. I have never been indifferent, be sure, to your charms of mind and heart. But my life has been ordered differently from that of most men, and I must suppress sentiments which otherwise it would have been my happy privilege to indulge."

Recovering herself immediately and looking somewhat ashamed of her weakness, she hastened to say: "I am so glad that my boldness has not made you think less of me, and yet I had no power over myself in the matter. I felt impelled in spite of myself, and no matter what consequences might follow, to reveal to you the state of my feelings. I know, of course, how hopeless it is to expect you to return in any measure my affection. Your vocation precludes the possibility of it. Nevertheless no one else will ever have the same place in my heart. I can spend my life, usefully I hope, feeling satisfied in the knowledge that the man whom I honour is engaged in the noble work of serving God and humanity in a profession to which he was specially called."

"You would be very foolish indeed," he said, "to sacrifice your life's happiness for my sake. I sincerely trust that in the lapse of a little time you will forget me in the thought of a husband who will appreciate your worth and make you truly happy."

His voice shook a little as he uttered the words.

"My own choice would prevent that," Edith said. "Even now a suitor seeks me. The partner in my father's business has a son who wishes to marry me: about a year ago I made a half promise to consider his request. And now my father wishes me to accept him as he thinks the match perfectly suitable. Besides, this young man is a Catholic, his father coming from an old

Catholic stock. I find it very hard to explain my refusal, but if it comes to it I will tell my father all."

Edward Blench looked positively troubled. Should she ever think of marrying this man he would feel it keenly, bitterly. That he should have no right to blame her did not lessen his jealousy. He knew he was inconsistent, even contradictory; yet he somehow resented the appearance on the scene of one who had every right to claim Edith as his own. He felt, indeed, almost as if he could relinquish his clerical career, and——. But he put away the thought.

"Be guided by your own good sense," he said, with as much composure as he could assume. "To-morrow I leave here to spend a fortnight in my father's house in London before going back to college."

Without a word Edith rose and walked slowly towards the door. As she reached the threshold she turned and said:

"You have my best wishes for success in your course, and I trust the time will pass pleasantly until we can all welcome you as Father Blench."

He moved in her direction and out into the hall where Father Mandlin met them.

"Now, Miss Hickson," said the priest, after a few formal remarks, "I hope you will not be a stranger, since your tutor finds it imperative to depart. You are always welcome to St. Joseph's."

"Thank you very kindly, Father Mandlin," she returned; "I shall be very happy to avail myself of your kind invitation."

. . . . . .

Life in an ecclesiastical seminary is dull at best. Edward Blench was rather different from what he had been the year before. Keen and attentive as he was the examinations had given him no trouble. And now six months had passed away since he resumed his studies. Unsettled in mind he certainly was, and failure to concentrate his attention upon theological treatises resulted in failure in most of his examinations. He felt like a criminal, for he believed that he was the means of disturbing the peace of Edith Hickson's life. In his heart he felt what might easily be called a strong love for her, and yet he had not the strength of will either to proclaim it openly or to renounce it.

"What a dog in the manger I am," he often said to himself: "I cannot marry her myself, and still I would do much to prevent another from claiming her as his bride." He had not definitely told her that he could never return her love. Nay, in a moment of weakness, had he not almost suggested that a change in his designs was not improbable? Often had he reasoned with himself upon the matter. So far he had not given the irrevocable promise. He was free as air. At any time a word to his ecclesiastical superiors would set him at liberty. And again, what powerful pleading came from that little faded photograph taken in haste. Gazing upon the perfect profile and beholding the half smile on the face, producing such an innocent dimple on the smooth cheek, he felt almost like rushing from his prison—for that is what the college seemed to him now—and

making straight for the rural little suburb where he was sure to meet her.

A few months more and the final step would be taken. On Corpus Christi his name would be amongst those due for sacred orders. At this juncture he received a letter from his uncle, Father Mandlin, who, along with other information, always told him something about his pupil, Edith Hickson. She was a frequent visitor to St. Joseph's and keenly looked forward to news from Paris. In his latest letter a few sentences had come upon Edward Blench like a death sentence: "Miss Hickson," wrote Father Mandlin, "for some time has been contemplating an important change in her life. Nothing definite has been done yet, but I see preparations of some sort at 'Laurel Den,' which doubtless mean something. However, she has promised to write specially to you on the point."

"An important change in her life"! "Preparations at her father's house"! This can only mean one thing—she is going to be married!

He could not compose himself to think calmly. He felt that he must get out into the open. A sense of confinement laid hold of him, and hastily putting on his hat and overcoat, he went down from his room, and, telling old Pierre, the porter, that he would be back in an hour or two, passed into the open air.

It was early in the evening, but as spring was just begun the shades fell rather early. He walked rapidly in the direction of the Champs Elysées, about two miles distant from the college.

Out of the chaos of his thoughts one steady resolve emerged. He would write to her to say that he could not bear to think of her as being beyond his reach; he would give up the prospect of the priesthood and come to offer himself as husband, willing to make any sacrifice for her sake. Through the streets of Paris he wandered for over two hours and finally came to himself as he stood gazing into the dark waters of the Seine. The reflection of numberless lights danced before him in the water like living things. He thought of lighted rooms, dancing and music, guests and congratulations,—a bride and a bridegroom.

It was half-past ten on the tower clock as he retraced his steps to the silent interior of St. Sulpice. With much difficulty he obtained admission at that late hour, and next day he had to explain to the authorities of the college the cause of his absence as best he could. He now determined to write to Miss Hickson, and after she had answered his letter he would communicate with his ecclesiastical superiors begging release from his obligations.

Several hours after midnight he threw himself upon his bed, though his anxiety and excitement forbade sleep.

How long it seemed till morning would break and he could post with all haste the most earnest letter he had ever written. Well aware was he of the shock it would give to his parents, his many friends, especially his dear uncle, Father Mandlin, to hear that he had given up the sacred calling for a life in the world of business, taking his place like common men at the head of a family.

After Mass, at half-past seven, he proceeded to see whether he could manage to have his letter sent off early enough for the first post. In the hall he was met by old Pierre, who handed him two letters. Glancing at the post-marks he found that the first was from London, from his dear mother no doubt, who never missed a month in writing to her son, and the other—the name of the place it came from was rather blurred, but holding it close to the window he made out "Ponton." The direction of his haste changed immediately; instead of rushing to the post office he hurried back to his room and tore open the envelope with the Ponton post-mark. A neatly folded sheet of note-paper fell into his hands, which trembled slightly as he held it up to read. It took him just four minutes to read the following:—

"Laurel Den,
"Ponton.

"My Dear Friend,

"So far I have not written to you because I heard from Father Mandlin regarding your progress at college. As the time approached for your ordination I felt impelled to inform you about my own designs for the future. As it is my great desire to hail you as Father Blench, I feel sure that you cannot but approve of my intention to devote my life also to the service of religion. Aunt Marian has been visiting us, and it has been arranged that I accompany her back to the convent of which she is superioress, there to prepare myself for taking the veil. My father, who has given me my own way, has kindly arranged a gathering of friends to suitably celebrate my departure. This course is a source of great relief to me, for a life spent as a *religieuse* is one of sacrifice, which I have learned through your example is the highest of all. I gladly look forward to the time when you shall greet me as

"Yours sincerely,

"SISTER AGATHA
"(in the world, Edith Hickson)."

The ordeal was over. A load was lifted from his heart. Slowly drawing forth from his pocket the letter he had written a few hours before he threw it into the sputtering fire. Poking up the embers he made a merry blaze, which consumed the record of his strenuous struggle.

And so the outward world never knew how near he had been to having his name erased from the list of ordinations. With glad hearts his friends received the news that Edward Blench was ordained priest in his twenty-sixth year on the feast of Corpus Christi.

Leaves from the Annals of the Passionists in Great Britain and Ireland.

I.

Vision of St. Paul of the Cross.

IT was in the year 1725 that St. Paul of the Cross first received from the Holy See permission to gather companions around him and form the nucleus of the Congregation of the Passion. He died in 1775; and towards the close of his life he was heard to say that he had been praying fifty years for the conversion of England. It must, therefore, have been about the time when he received the first papal approbation of the new Institute that this devotion took possession of him. God did not leave him without an answer to his prayer even during his lifetime, it being recorded that one morning, after saying Mass and praying for the conversion of the English, he exclaimed with great joy, as if he had had a vision: "Oh, what have I seen! My children in England! My religious in England!" These words were treasured as a prophecy amongst our ancient Fathers; but no one seemed to think it necessary to do anything towards their fulfilment.

Years came and went. Dark days dawned for the Church. The Holy Father was exiled from Rome. The Religious Orders were scattered. Europe became one great battlefield on which kingdoms and empires seemed to rise and fall with the victories or reverses that attended on one man's sword. When at length a humiliating defeat sheathed that sword for a time, the Pontiff returned to Rome, and the scattered members of the various religious bodies began to reassemble. Then the old tradition of our Congregation regarding England slowly revived.

The Coming of Fr. Dominic.

Forty years after St. Paul's death, a poor orphan boy who had spent his childhood tending a few flocks for his uncle, and who now assisted in the kitchen of our Retreat of Sant' Angelo, near Vetralla, in the hope of being one day admitted amongst us as a lay brother, received an inspiration while at prayer in the Church, that he was destined to labour for the conversion of heretics in the north-west of Europe. Providence wonderfully disposed that this poor boy should become a cleric, a priest, a professor of Theology, and finally a Provincial among the Passionists. His name was Dominic Barberi, and he was known in religion as Father Dominic of the Mother of God.

In the year 1831 Father Dominic, being then Lector in Theology in SS. John and Paul's, became acquainted with

several English gentlemen who were visiting Rome. The first he knew was Sir Harry Trelawney, who had been recently received into the Church: then he met successively the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer (another recent convert), the Rev. Mr. Forde (a Protestant clergyman), and Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle. The glow of fervour in such men as Spencer and Phillipps would be sure to light a fire in the coldest heart, and no wonder good Father Dominic was aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, especially as he had the unconverted, well-disposed, but obstinate Mr. Forde to whet his controversial powers. He seemed to be all on fire with the hope of going to England, and yet several years were still to elapse before his desire was gratified.

Obstacles and Delays.

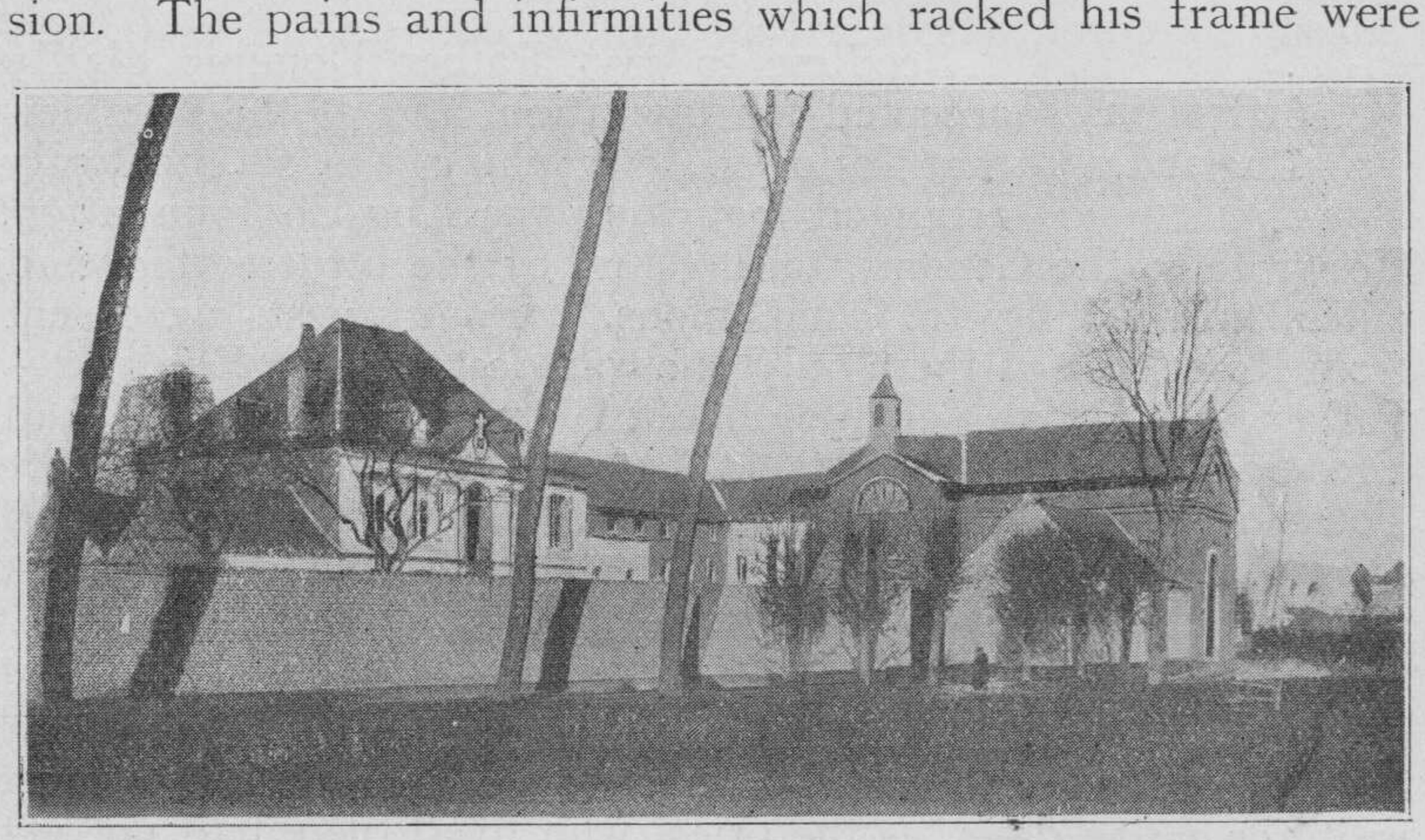
But the slow passage of the years did not cool his ardour. In 1836 he wrote a characteristic letter to Ambrose de Lisle, professing his readiness to go to England at once on almost any terms: —"I should be content to live in a house fit for a peasant, built in some open field, or in a wood: nay, I should be happy in a cabin made of straw, or in a cave dug out of some rock. . . . For the present a cottage would suffice such as those in which I imagine your peasants live, and a little chapel to celebrate Mass. . . . For our living afterwards and our food, God will attend to that; you need not have a care for income or resources of any kind." The letter was never sent, as the Superior General, to whom it was referred for approval, declined to forward it, and wrote Father Dominic something in the nature of a quiet snub: "Your paternity is strong in spirit . . . . but you are weak in body, so that you cannot risk the fatigue of catechisms, and can hardly go through a course of private exercises: without a miracle, then, you certainly could not stand what you offer this gentleman to undertake: but supposing you might expose yourself to such labours and stand them, and I could make up my mind to send you, I know not whether it would be so easy to find you companions of a like spirit and courage with yourself, when we came to the trial. . . . Wherefore, when your paternity writes to [Mr. de Lisle] let him see that you and I have a grateful sense of his good wishes and readiness to serve us, if it should please God to open a way. I also approve that, in order to facilitate the affair, you should tell him . . . . that a habitation with little cells and a little church, and so forth, will suffice; but keep to general expressions, and do not come so much to particulars, or speak of the attempt as so perfectly easy; and let us not have such bursts of zeal," etc., etc.

It was not till the year 1839 that a possible opening for a foundation in England made its appearance. Father Spencer seems to have found this out, and wrote accordingly to Monsignor (afterwards Cardinal) Acton. The Monsignore presented, in Father Spencer's name, a petition to our Fathers assembled in General Chapter in Rome, and it was decided by a majority to accept the proffered foundation. When matters were thus far satisfactorily arranged, and everything looked

brilliant with promise, the gentleman who had undertaken to supply the sinews of war suddenly found, or feared, that his means would be unequal to it, and the project accordingly fell through. Father Dominic's hopes were again shattered.

By way of Belgium.

In this year, through the intervention of Father Spencer and M. l'abbé Bernard of Lille, the Baroness de Crœser of Valenciennes gave us the chateau d'Ere, near Tournai, in Belgium, for a foundation. The Father destined as founder of this house was Father Anthony, the late General, and writer of the prudential letter from which we quoted above. Father Dominic was not mentioned at all in the matter, even as a companion. The old Father, however, feeling that his age and ailments ill suited his being transplanted to such a different country and climate, begged to be excused. Father Dominic was then pitched upon to go in his place. He received the news of his appointment in the Retreat of Santo Sosio, on the borders of Naples, just as he had returned from a heavy mission. The pains and infirmities which racked his frame were



Passionist Monastery at Ere, founded by Father Dominic.

not allayed by his recent labours. But he would not wait to rest. In spite of the advice and protests of doctors and friends, he mounted a shaggy pony, and, supported on its back by two attendants, made his way across a broken, rugged piece of mountain pathway until he reached the main road for Rome. After three days' journey he reached Rome, where he stayed but a short time in preparation for his work—more by prayer than aught else—and departed some time in May, 1840, for Belgium.

Monsignor (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman was consecrated Bishop of Melipotamus, and appointed Coadjutor to Dr. Walsh, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, a few months after Father Dominic's arrival in Belgium. At the invitation of Mgr. Wiseman, Father Dominic made a visit to England, reaching London on November 5th, 1840, for the purpose of seeing a house offered to the Passionists, by Dr. Walsh, for a

foundation in England. This visit led to nothing, and Father Dominic found himself back in Ere after a few weeks, without having, it is said, even seen the house in question.

During the summer of 1841, Drs. Walsh and Wiseman were sojourning for a short time in Belgium, and Father Dominic received the following letter from Dr. Wiseman:—

August 2, 1841.

DEARLY BELOVED FATHER,

I write to you as I promised, to inform you that I am in Belgium with Dr. Walsh, and that next Friday we shall be in Brussels, where we expect you in the house of the Apostolic Nuncio, to speak about our common interests. Will you be so kind as to write a line in answer, directed hither?

Believe me,

Your most obedient servant in Christ,

N. WISEMAN.

Arrival in England.

Needless to say, Father Dominic gladly accepted the invitation, and at the interview that followed, everything was satisfactorily arranged regarding the English foundation. He wrote to the General, telling him of the turn matters had taken, and asking for companions. Four priests were sent from Rome, but of these only one was destined for England—Father Amadeus McBride, one of two Irishmen who had already become Passionists in Italy. Father Dominic left Tournai with Father Amadeus on September 30th, and arrived at Oscott College on October 7th, 1841. He had at last received the answer to his twenty-eight years of prayer.

On their arrival at Oscott the two Fathers thought they had nothing to do but proceed to take possession of the new foundation. Dr. Wiseman, however, told them that they must wait for a few days, as the priest who lived there had not yet taken his departure. The few days dragged on to weeks and months, and Father Dominic and his companion thought they should have to return to Belgium without effecting anything. In this state of suspense they lived from October to the following February, 1842. When they had well nigh despaired of obtaining possession of the longed-for foundation, the good priest arrived at Oscott one day and took them back with him to their new home—Aston Hall, near Stone, in Staffordshire.

State of the Church in England in 1841.

The state of the Catholic Church in England at the time of Father Dominic's arrival (1841) was very wretched indeed. Only twelve years had elapsed since Emancipation, and Catholics, in the words of Moore, "had scarcely learned to walk upon emancipated legs." There were but 560 priests in the whole of England, and these were scattered about with parishes large enough for a diocese now. To give some notion of how things were, we quote the following

from the Catholic Directory for the year 1840: "St. Mary's, Moorfields [London]—The district attached to this chapel . . . . includes, with a trifling exception, all the city: also Saffron Hill, Clerkenwell, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, Mile End, Whitechapel, Spitalfields, besides Islington, Holloway, Stoke Newington, Kingsland, Hackney, and Homerton."

There were Religious *incogniti* here and there—Benedictines, Jesuits, a few Franciscans and Dominicans: but they were not recognised as such, and all used their secular names with a "Mr." prefixed, and differed little from the laity in their apparel. The dread of the old penal laws still remained, and the hunted and persecuted Catholics could hardly have been expected to remove the film from their eyes in so short a time. The Famine had not yet come to send the poor Irish over in their thousands, and consequently churches had not begun to be built with their pennies, and quickened by their filial piety. The converts had not yet grown into a great body, holding up their heads, and daring to proclaim their faith from the housetops. The old Catholics, broken and decimated, were emerging from their hiding places, and had scarcely power or means enough to avail themselves of their new freedom. It was at this juncture that the first Passionists set foot in England. Quietly and unostentatiously they originated many things.

New Blood.

The Passionists were the first, since the days of the Reformation, to adopt strict community life, to wear the Religious habit in public, to wear sandals, to give missions and retreats to the people, to wear the tonsure, to revive the offertory at Mass, and to organise public religious processions. They gloried in the shame of the cross; they were scoffed at by Protestants, warned by timid Catholics, and their novelties were hardly more than tolerated by the ecclesiastical authorities. Yet this sort of courage became infectious, so that almost every Order now in England followed their example.

There were two or three Fathers of Charity already in England, but they were engaged teaching in pre-existent colleges until they might become proficient in the language. Father Dominic, after he had given his first mission, wrote to Father Gentili and encouraged him and his companions to start on a missionary career. They did so, and the memory of their labours is not yet dead.

After all, a fulcrum was found in those poor Italians on which many levers have since worked to move the Church in England into the healthy and vigorous state in which we see her to-day.

(To be concluded).

Our Lady's Easter.*

She knelt expectant through the night,
For He had promised. In her face
The pure soul beaming, full of grace,
But sorrow-tranced—a frozen light.

But ere her eastward lattice caught
The glimmer of the breaking day,
No more in Joseph's garden lay
The buried picture of her thought.

The seal'd stone shut a void, and lo—
The Mother and the Son had met!
For her a day should never set
Had burst upon the night of woe.

In sudden glory stood He there,
And gently raised her to His breast:
And on His Heart, in perfect rest,
She poured her own—a voiceless prayer.

Enough for her that He *has* died,
And lives to die again no more:
The foe despoil'd, the combat o'er,
The Victor crown'd and glorified.

EDMUND HILL, C.P.

* From "Mariae Corolla."

Ruskin on Devotion to Our Lady.

To the common Protestant mind the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have been always a violent offence; they are one of the parts of the Catholic faith which are openest to reasonable dispute, and least comprehensible by the average realistic and materialist temper of the Reformation.

But, after the most careful examination, neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. . . . There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women: and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the poor Israelite maiden, "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and Holy is His name."—*Fors Clavigera*, Letter XLI.

QUEEN OF MAY.

A Passion Flower:

Galileo Niccolini.

(1882-1897).

I.

IT is related in the biography of St. Paul of the Cross that once, not long before his death, he expressed the conviction that those of his religious who had pre-deceased him, and who numbered some sixty, had all received "the crown of life." On another occasion he spoke, with an emotion and an emphasis which betokened something more than mere personal conviction, of the sanctity which would be attained by those who adopted his rule, and followed it with fidelity. That his words were not, at least, ill-considered seems to be shown by the fact that the causes of canonisation of many of his companions have been introduced at Rome, and that a constant stream of men deemed worthy of the like honour has flowed on to our own day.

One of the latest of these children of St. Paul is the subject of our present sketch. The 12th of this month of May will be only the fourteenth anniversary of his death, and yet such is his reputation for sanctity that the first steps towards his canonisation have already been taken. His life was short: he did not live to complete his novitiate: but his story has a peculiar charm, and is not without its message for both young and old of our day.

The eldest son of Louis and Loreta Niccolini, devout Catholics of what we should call the middle class, he was born on the 10th of June, 1882, at Capranica, a considerable town about twenty-five miles distant from Rome, and received at his baptism the name Galileo. His good mother early began to instil into his young mind lessons of virtue and piety, as well as the rudiments of profane learning, and with such success that, at three years of age, he seemed to have already attained the use of reason. He was conspicuously free from the petulance and waywardness that mark the common run of children; and his chief pleasure from his earliest years was apparently to exercise the remarkably bright and acute intelligence with which Providence had endowed him. His thirst for knowledge amounted to a passion. Indeed, his teachers in those early days speak with almost as much enthusiasm of the precocity of his mind and the diligence of his application as of the goodness and gentleness of his heart. His parents were particularly proud of the ability of their child, and were at pains to procure for him the best education within reach.

After spending a year and a half at an infant school kept by one Signora Colomba Biani in Capranica, Galileo was entrusted to the charge of Don Antonio Galeotti, a priest who conducted a boys' school in the same town. This good man has left on record his admiration for his pupil's brightness and diligence,

especially in the matter of religious instruction. "When I taught the Christion Doctrine," he says, "Galileo was not content with merely committing things to memory word for word. He was extremely anxious to understand their meaning, and, the better to succeed in this, was most attentive to the explanation which I gave. And that he took it all in was clear from his accurate and considered replies. He so acted, not through a spirit of emulation, but from a higher principle—because it is the Christian's duty to be solicitous to understand the principles of his belief and of his practice."

GALILEO NICCOLINI.

Galileo could not have been at that time more than four or five years of age. For his parents, gratified at his rapid progress with Don Antonio, thought it time to send him to a more advanced school: and his next teacher, Father Pacificus, of the Friars Minor, says: "Galileo was four or five years old when he was sent to me; I confess that I was surprised to see such good sense in one so young."

The school kept by Father Pacificus, a man of great piety and learning, was a private one in which the courses taught at the state schools were exactly followed—the object being to give the pupils the same advantages in secular learning which the public schools offered, with the additional blessing of a sound religious training. After a year spent at this school, Galileo had so far advanced that he was not only able to read and write easily, but was even capable of helping with his father's correspondence, and acted as secretary in some important business that was being transacted at that time with his uncle in Rome.

His progress in the science of the Saints during those early years kept pace with his progress in secular knowledge, fast as this was. He showed even more avidity for instruction in spiritual things than for book-learning. Not content with the pious training he received at home, he used to delight to visit his former teacher, Colomba Biani, in order to hear from her lips stories of the Saints and Martyrs which she had a pretty knack of telling. And the child's purpose was a higher one than merely to be amused. One day, as she was telling him the story of some saint, and spoke of how he had always kept his baptismal innocence unstained, he interrupted her with a

somewhat troubled countenance: "And do you think, Columba, that I have preserved my baptismal innocence?" "And why not?" she replied. "One only lacks it when one has lost it." "And how is it lost?" he asked. And, suiting her reply to the capacity of the child, she said: "By anything that is a sin or offence against God: by lying, disobedience, wilfulness, and such like things." And the clearing of his brow showed that he was not conscious of such faults.

But the one to whom, after his mother, Galileo owed most of his training in practical piety, was a female cousin named Amabile, some ten years his senior, who lived with his family. She was a young girl of rare beauty of soul, and in her companionship Galileo had always before his eyes a living and attractive model of true holiness. It was her delight to teach him his prayers, to bring him to visit the Blessed Sacrament in the church, to foster in his soul a tender devotion to Our Lord Jesus Christ, and to His Holy Mother. In the month of May especially, she taught him often to pay little acts of devotion to Mary, and, as the great feasts of Our Lady came round, she joined him in making novenas in preparation for them. Her conversation with him was continually of heavenly things, and his mother testifies to the wonder and edification with which she often listened, unheard and unobserved, to their pious discourses and prayers. An interesting relic of these two holy children is still preserved in the Franciscan Convent at Capranica—a manuscript book of spiritual readings and maxims compiled by Amabile and presented to her young cousin. It would be difficult to exaggerate the debt of Galileo to this child of grace whom her confessor, writing of her after her departure to a better life, called "an angel in the flesh." Even the mother of our holy youth felt obliged to confess: "As regards his religious education, Amabile was more of a mother to Galileo than I was myself."

II.

When about seven years old, Galileo was taken by his parents from the private school conducted by Father Pacificus and was sent as a pupil to the state schools. The reason of the change was to give him the opportunity of presenting himself for the government examination held in public primary schools. The experiment was not without its dangers: he was no longer to be with picked companions, nor to see religion take a prominent part in the day's curriculum. To one of Galileo's training and temperament, however, the dangers were as small as they could well be to anyone; and we shall soon see that whether his religion or his person was attacked, he could be depended upon equally to hold his own. With most of his companions, as well as with his masters, he was soon in high esteem. One of his fellow pupils, speaking long afterwards, said: "He was of a very lovable and attractive character; he had been brought up with much refinement and had elegant manners, which easily gained the hearts of those who knew him." But he adds: "He had a particular horror and hate

of loose companions, and it was not easy for him to treat them with too much confidence."

Indeed, he seems to have given his confidence to very few; and the only intimate friendship he appears to have contracted was with a youth somewhat older than himself, and of similar character and tastes. They played together, they visited the church and went to confession together; and, later on, together they made application to be received into the Congregation of the Passion. It was a great disappointment to Galileo and cost him many tears to see his companion depart for the novitiate alone, himself having been rejected for the time on account of his youth.

(To be continued.)

Sons of Martyrs.

BY ROSA VANOZZI.

I.

IT was a cloudless night: there was no moon, but the stars shone brightly in the deep blue sky. Just where the road to Tusculum began to rise in the midst of bare and desolate hills, two horsemen, riding side by side, urged on their steeds in the direction of the mountains.

At that lonely hour of the mild autumn night no sound was heard save that made by the hoofs of the horses as they galloped on, and the harsh note of the field cricket.

Right before the travellers, the hills, vague, undefined shapes, with blurred outlines and rounded tops, rose and shut out the view of the distant horizon; while on the opposite side in the dim starlit night the Roman plain, in the midst of which the Eternal City, the Mistress of the world, lay sunk in sleep, was fading gradually from view.

The two horsemen, in spite of their haste, conversed from time to time in a low voice.

"The dawn is at hand, the way is long and fatiguing, all uphill," said one, "and I fear we shall not arrive at our destination till after sunrise."

"Have no fear, Lucius, I know the way well. The horses, though strong, are rather tired, but we shall soon find others fresh and rested. I have arranged everything, and I am certain of success."

"I shall never forget, Clement," said the other, "all I owe to you: you have done much more for me than any brother would. But then we have been brought up together, and we have shared each other's joys and sorrows, games and little punishments. And now I cannot help thinking of the misfortunes that have ruined my family, which, only a short time ago, was rich and powerful and respected."

"Too rich," observed the other.

"What do you mean?" asked Lucius.

"I mean to say that neither my father nor yours would have fallen a prey to the lions in the amphitheatre, if your father had been poor, and if mine had not felt it his duty to try to save some of the treasures of your family. It is true that in the eyes

of the emperor to be a follower of Christ is a crime punishable by death; but the informers, who aim chiefly at the confiscation of the goods of the rich, are an evil plant which springs up luxuriously wherever the soil is sown with gold pieces."

"Praise, everlasting praise, be to the strong who fell with the name of the only true God on their lips! Happy are they who now enjoy an unfading crown which they purchased by their blood and the rending of their flesh at the hands of the executioners!"

"Amen," said the other fervently, still speaking in a subdued voice.

"Now I realize," added Lucius, "in what a cleverly designed net my poor father was taken. He trusted everybody, he thought all men honest like himself. When I call to mind certain expressions which I heard at the splendid banquets given in our house, to which the flower of the nobility and senate was invited, I can understand the envy and covetousness which the sight of our luxury excited in the minds of some upstarts and hangers-on of the emperor, mere barbarians come from distant provinces, who, if one looked beneath their silken tunics, still showed traces of the mire from which they had sprung."

"Don't speak so bitterly," said Clement. "Jesus Christ, who permits his followers to be tried by persecution and torture, and allows his sheep to be scattered and slain by the wolves, only acts, as He Himself says, like the goldsmith who melts the precious metal in the crucible. When the gold is melted, it is freed from all impurities, and shines with a brighter lustre than before, while the dross is cast away and lost. Even so the flock, smitten by the hand of the persecutor, is a blessed flock, and the blood of the slain is the everlasting seed which knows no corruption but renews itself perpetually in fruitfulness and glory."

"You are right, my friend. Your words show me only too plainly that now and then the old man still wakes up within me."

They had meanwhile arrived at a cross-road where they left their horses and vaulted lightly on others which stood ready for them. They were thus enabled to continue their journey with renewed vigour.

They now pursued a path which led round the base of the Tusculan hill. The country grew wilder as they went on, and in the uncertain light of the stars the neighbouring slopes covered with thickets of dark thorn bushes could be dimly descried.

Both horsemen were silent, intent only on the difficulties of their path. They had enough to do to guide the horses which bore them farther and farther from Rome.

They soon arrived at the top of the ascent and saw beneath them a wide open valley. They could now use their spurs again and go forward at a rapid pace.

"You will find a splendid hiding place," said Clement softly. "I do not wish to boast, but, I assure you, it is so completely out of the way that no one would ever dream that the noble survivor of your illustrious family could ever have chosen such a vulture's nest for his dwelling. Look, here on the right you can see the central peak of the mountain standing out against the sky, while

below there you can distinguish nothing but dense and intricate thickets without path or abode of any kind; but if we go round the mountain in an eastward direction, among the inhospitable precipices which look down on the fields of Prænestе, we shall find an old uninhabited house, from the interior of which access to the caves of the mountain is easy. It is an ancient ruin hidden among trees centuries old. There I have concealed your possessions—gold, jewels, and money; and you will find there also two of your freed slaves who will look after you till more peaceful times, and then I hope to be able to offer you a more suitable dwelling. I have laid in a good store of provisions, but, of course, your table will not be so delicately and profusely served as at your house in Rome."

"Oh, I shall not complain of that. To tell the truth, a little difference in food and in the manner of preparing it will be only a pleasant change for me."

"Then you will find there books for study and recreation, and arms for the chase or for defence in case of need. I understand your tastes, and I know that without arms you would sometimes be the most melancholy man in the world."

"True enough," said Lucius. "You know me better than I know myself."

"Besides, I have prepared a surprise for you, a contrivance of my own invention to scare away any of your enemies who might conceive the bright idea of paying you a visit."

"Well done! well done!" said Lucius. "I should never have imagined that your inventive faculties would have gone so far. It is a new kind of warfare for me, and I am sure, if only the occasion offers, that I shall have plenty of amusement with it."

"Don't be too lavish with your praise, you must not expect a marvellous and elaborate piece of mechanism. I fear that the contrivance is rather a proof of my good will than of anything else."

"What name are you going to give your invention?"

"Ah," answered Clement, with a smile, "you will have to give it a name yourself. You must first hear the sounds it produces so that you may grow accustomed to it; oh, such strange sounds—in fact if you only touch it, it makes such a din that you would fancy you saw Satan with his train of followers issuing from it. All the same you must not trust too much to my contrivance in case of danger: you must observe the utmost caution. But, indeed, under your humble herdsman's garb no one would recognize Lucius the patrician, the brave and handsome Lucius, who always lived in palaces and magnificent villas adorned with rare marbles, Oriental carpets, and precious metals. And now tell me, will you live contented there yonder among the slopes of Mount Albanus? What do you think of the new life that awaits you?"

"What do you say, Clement? I accept this humiliation from God as a favour. Are we not Christians, and has He not taught us to suffer? If ever I escape from my enemies, whom God forgive as I forgive them, I feel that I shall be a better man for this trial. Listen to me, however: you have already done much for

me, and now, in addition to all this, you must make me a promise."

"What is it?" inquired his companion.

"That you will not risk your life any more for my sake. If my enemies come after me, hide yourself and leave me to the care of Providence." And, as Clement hesitated, Lucius, with the tone of command habitual to him, obliged him to say the word "I promise."

The two then urged on their horses vigorously with voice and spur. The dawn was approaching and they feared that it would surprise them before they had reached their journey's end.

And now all around, the hills and fields began to stand out with greater clearness, and in the fresh morning air there arose from the trees and bushes the early song of the birds which greeted the return of day, when the horsemen, leaving the valley, entered a narrow winding path which ran through the thickest part of the wood.

A cold breeze, the herald of the rising sun, blew softly, and scattered a light mist which, like a thin humid veil, lay white upon the vegetation. As the dawn advanced, the appearance of the fugitives became distinguishable.

They were quite young; neither of them had yet attained his twentieth year. Lucius, perhaps, seemed younger than his companion owing to his fresh complexion and fair hair.

In spite of the wide cloak of coarse black woollen cloth which enveloped him, and a deerskin cap which half hid from sight his golden hair and broad forehead, there was that in his commanding gestures, his delicate and regular features, and in his glance which was at once austere and quick, that told of the proud patrician blood which coursed in his veins. He wore high military boots of a tasteful cut. A dagger in the Roman fashion with its sheath which hung from a belt round his waist, completed his equipment.

The features of Clement were rather irregular, his eyes and hair very dark, and his complexion was swarthy. He was not exactly handsome, but brave and sympathetic, and his frame seemed rather more developed than is usual in youths of his age. The profile of his nose, the arch of his eyes, and a certain hardness in his immobile countenance were unmistakable characteristics of the Oriental race from which he had sprung. His person, which was agile and strong, was wrapped in a wide but short black mantle, under which on the left side appeared a slender bow of metal and a rough leathern quiver filled with arrows.

Suddenly a flock of patridges rose near their path, frightened by the sound of the horses' hoofs; some of them flew off on the right, others on the left of the travellers.

"What kind of omen is that—good or bad?" inquired Clement smiling.

"The augur Vennius would call it good, and Cæsar would present him with a jewel as he always does when he brings a favourable answer," replied Lucius in the same tone.

The path they pursued became gradually steeper and more difficult to distinguish until at length all trace of it disappeared among the dense growth of trees.

Clement now urged his horse along the wild slope of the mountain, followed by Lucius, while from time to time he bent his gaze now in one direction, now in another, as if on the look out for some mark or other to indicate the way.

A little farther on in the depths of the wood, they entered on stony ground strewn here and there with enormous blocks of lava. Here it seemed that at some former time the earth had suffered from the full fury of the volcano whose force must have been spent ages before.

The young men were now obliged to proceed on foot, leading their horses by the bridle. The course they took was steep and circuitous, and resembled the windings of an intricate maze.

All at once Clement halted and whistled twice, each time in a different manner, and a whistle in reply came like an echo from some distance off.

"See," said Clement, "we are arrived at our destination. We must now wait here a short time, and then the two freed men will come to meet us."

(To be continued.)

In Hoc Signo Vinces.

FATHER JANDEL, the well-known Dominican, was about to preach one evening in the Cathedral of Lyons. As he knelt before the tabernacle on his way to the pulpit, he felt suddenly impelled to abandon the subject he had prepared and to substitute for it, *The Power of the Sign of the Cross.*

It was not until he was leaving the Cathedral after preaching that he began to realise and to question himself as to what he had done. He had not gone many steps, however, when a gentleman overtook him, touched him on the shoulder, and, walking beside him, said: "Sir" (not Father), "Sir, do you mean to say you believe what you have just been saying in that pulpit?"

"Certainly," said the Father. "If I had not believed what I was saying I should not have said it; moreover, it is not only what *I* believe, but what the Church believes. Our Faith teaches that there is no limit to the power of the Sign of the Cross."

"Really?" said his companion, with supercilious politeness. "Well, if you will allow me, I should like to test this wonderful faith of yours. You see, *I* do *not* believe in it; neither, I fancy, does the devil. I and some friends of mine made up our minds, some time ago now, to give the devil a fair chance; and we find he is not half so black as he is painted. Whenever we meet together at night, we invite him to come amongst us, and we do not find ourselves badly off by any means. Now, I want you to come, too, with this Sign of the Cross of yours, so that we may all see what effect it has."

The good Father, confiding in the Holy Ghost, answered quickly: "I believe every word you have heard me say. I

believe in the unlimited power of the Sign of the Cross; but I am not certain whether I dare put so holy a thing to the test you propose. You must give me three days to take counsel about it."

"All right," said the other, lightly. "To-day is Sunday; at this time on Wednesday evening I shall expect you. Here is my card and private address; if you will come there, I will go with you to our club. Adieu."

"A-Dieu," echoed the Father, sadly. "Alas! he knows not Him to Whom he is committing me!"

Then, by the light of a street lamp, he looked at the card, and saw that it was a celebrated Freemason with whom he had been speaking.

Late though it was, he went at once to the Archbishop's palace, and found Cardinal de Bonald at home. He laid the case carefully before him; and his Eminence, with equal care, took notes thereof, and made an appointment for noon next day, when the Father should come and discuss it with him. We can easily guess for what intentions their Masses were offered that morning.

The Cardinal asked one or two other priests to assist him; and, ere Monday evening, all were agreed that, without presumption, the Father ought to accept the infidel's challenge

"Go then, my son," said his Eminence, as he gave him his blessing, "and the power of the Crucified be with you."

Forty-eight hours remained to Father Jandel before the time for this very crucial test of his faith, courage, and obedience. He spent them in fasting and prayer, and as much as possible at the foot of the crucifix; so that when Wednesday evening came (with a final request to his brethren to sustain him by their prayers), he was able to set out for the address of the Freemason, full of filial fear and holy confidence. By the advice of the Cardinal he had taken off his monastic habit, and wore an ordinary loose top-coat, but under this he had concealed a good sized crucifix. He was soon at the address indicated on the card.

The Freemason was awaiting him. "I thought you would come," he said; and without further preamble, the two proceeded together to the club.

There Father Jandel found himself in a large and luxuriously furnished room, so brilliantly lighted that his eyes were dazzled, and at first he could distinguish nothing.

In a few seconds, however, he was able to glance round and see a goodly number of men, of all ages, whose faces were all turned upon him with an unmistakable expression of truly Satanic hatred.

He was evidently expected; for his companion, with the merest gesture of introduction, only said: "Here he is—now, sir!"

Father Jandel did not hesitate a moment. With an air of deepest recollection, and yet by one glance seeming to take in individually each member of the assembly, he drew the large crucifix from his breast and, holding it with both hands high above his head, made with it the Sign of the Cross, over the

whole company—*In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*

Had he called down fire from Heaven, the effect of his action could not have been more amazing, more speedy, or more unexpected. In one instant the lights were extinguished, the chairs were overturned, and there was a wild rush of their occupants for the door.

The gentleman who had introduced Father Jandel clutched hold of his arm, and dragged him along several streets before he allowed him to stop.

Then, breathlessly, in a dark archway, he threw himself down at his feet, and panted out: "I believe; I do believe. Pray for me. Oh, that I may find mercy."

Needless to say, that in the Crucified he did find it. The remainder of his life was most edifying, and he died a holy death.

This miracle was published in more newspapers, magazines, etc., than we have space to enumerate; but up to the present *not one Freemason has come forward to contradict it.*

May we not, therefore, give glory to our good God for the Power of the Sign of the Cross.

E. DE M.

Droitwick and its Cure.

THE name of Droitwich has undoubtedly a very foreign appearance and sound, and would lead one to believe that it is situated in Germany. It happens to be, however, a most delightful town and borough in the very heart of England, and nestles cosily between the Malvern and Lickey hills. Picturesque and historical, as are all the towns and villages of Worcestershire, Droitwich has yet another claim to render it worthy of special notice. It is the Brine Spa of Britain. There are, it is true, other places in this country where natural salt springs are found, but for antiquity and beauty of environment none can compare with Droitwich. Perchance some reader of THE CROSS may suffer from the aches inflicted by the scourge of rheumatism or its sister ills. To him, then, be it known that there is a solace for his suffering in the soothing saline, as well as much of interest to while away the tedium of the cure at Droitwich.

Salinae was the name given by the Romans to this ancient town. One of their wonderfully constructed roads terminated here, and it was solely for the purpose of procuring salt that the huge expenditure of time and labour was made. In Anglo-Saxon days the town was called Wyche or Wich. Many interesting explanations have been given of the word. Some hold that it means a monastery. This seems to be a secondary use. Just as the Latin *pagus* (a village) is derived from the Greek word for spring or river, from the fact that settlements usually are made near water, so it may be concluded that as monasteries were built near "Wichs" the mistake of interpretation naturally occurred. Wich, in its primary sense, signifies

a spring, and according to the clever etymologist, Housman, the term Wyche Elm, popularly, but wrongly, accepted as the elm of the witches, meant the tree from which were cut the divining rods used in the discovery of hidden springs. The prefix "droit" was added in Norman times, when the right of gathering the salt tax was vested in Wyche. This duty was abolished in 1826.

The antiquity of Droitwich is well established. Already, as has been stated, it was known to the Romans, and many of their coins have been discovered in the district. In 888 Droitwich was the scene of a Witanagemot, the National Council of the Anglo-Saxons, when King Ethelred presided over the deliberations. Many references to the town are made in the Domesday Book, compiled in the days of the Conqueror. There, as an instance, one may read—"St. Peter has eight pounds from the King's tenth in Wich." To what "St. Peter" in the text precisely alludes the writer has not been able to determine, but possibly it may refer to an offering to the Pope, because the records of the diocese of Worcester make frequent mention of contributions to the Holy Father, called even at that time Peter's Pence. Dipping down into the depths of the past of Droitwich is not only an exciting and interesting quest of pleasure, but also one which brings to the surface precious pearls of truth. None is discovered more often than the absolute jurisdiction in English ecclesiastical matters once possessed by the successor of St. Peter. An evidence of this will appear later.

Space does not permit of reference to the lives and deeds of the many illustrious sons of Droitwich. There is one name, however, which we may not pass over in silence—St. Richard of Chichester. Richard was born just outside the town, at Burford in the year 1197 and laboured for some years in the tillage of his brother's farm. Quiet and studious by temperament and habit, he was fitted by nature and by grace to toil in other and wider fields. Chance and Heaven sent him to Oxford, where he became the pupil of the future Archbishop of Canterbury, the Blessed Edmund Rich. He also studied at Paris and Bologna, until he was recalled to Oxford to assume, in 1235, the office of Chancellor. Soon after this he was appointed by his former master, by whom he was held in high esteem, Chancellor of the archdiocese. During the year 1243 the See of Chichester became vacant, and Robert Passelewe, a creature of Henry III., was nominated, for services rendered in the abuse of his office by demanding tribute from the people, to the bishopric. Although the monarch had the right of nomination, it belonged to the archbishop and his court to test the suitability of the nominee. They quickly recognised the character of Passelewe, his utter unfitness for the pastoral charge of the diocese, and indignantly refused to countenance his claims. Richard was chosen by them, but this selection in his turn the truculent Henry repudiated and retained for his own use the revenues of Chichester. An appeal was then sent to Innocent IV., who ratified the choice of the bishops and Rome having spoken the case was ended. The king accepted the rebuff with bad grace, but ultimately restored the goods of

the diocese to Richard. For ten years St. Richard, as bishop, ruled wisely and well, and soon after his death was raised to the honours of the altar. This holy man, of whom Droitwich is justly proud, though firm and strong in character, was at the same time of most amiable disposition. One of his earliest biographers, Ralph Bocking, a Dominican Friar, shows this trait as a virtue of his hero in a playful pun upon his name, "RIdens, CARus, DULciS" (*Ricardus*—Richard), which the poet has translated:

> His very name the record of his smile,
> And of his sweetness, and his charm.

The relics of St. Richard were brought to Droitwich, and his cult established in the church of St. Andrew. The much defaced pedestal where his statue once stood still exists.

Thomas Cantilupe—St. Thomas of Hereford—was also closely associated with Droitwich. He had charge of St. Augustine's Church at Dodderhill in 1275, but owing to the plurality of benefices then prevalent it is not certain that he ever resided there. It may be of interest to note in passing that St. Thomas was the last of England's canonized Saints.

There were many religious foundations in the vicinity of Droitwich before the so-called Reformation, and the present churches of the established religion belong to that period. St. Augustine's on Dodderhill dates back to Norman days, but the oldest portion of the present fabric was built in the eleventh century. In 1646 the Parliamentary troops used it as a barracks. Some very fine specimens of modern stained glass can be seen in this church, but one window in the north transept is formed from the fragments of the old glass for which St. Augustine's was famous, and presents a rather grotesque picture of patching. Musings naturally are born amid such old time places where past with present mingles, and one wonders, if after all, this strange window does not speak in silent eloquence the story of then and now. From the heights of Dodderhill a very beautiful panorama unfolds itself, and with the undulating landscape wrapt in fleeces of snow, woven by the fingers of winter, it is a picture indeed. To the right is the rich country watered by the Severn, and the great park of Westwood, where the cloistered daughters of St. Benedict once dwelt, whilst due south lie Worcester and the lovely vale of Evesham, on whose bosom ebbed the life blood of that noble hero Simon de Montfort. From Worcester the Benedictines served St. Andrew's, and the Austin Canons were also established hereabouts.

The Droitwich of to-day is a quaint old town, formed of irregular winding streets, flanked by shops, shabby and dingy and anything but stable in appearance. From time to time subsidences have happened owing to the vast volumes of brine pumped from the earth, and builders are not keen to risk the erection of more modern and better appointed marts of business on sinking foundations. Even in recent years, however, outside the town some massive and imposing edifices have arisen, notably the Worcestershire Hotel and the Royal Baths of St. Andrew. At this latter place the treatment, consisting of im-

mersion, douche and needle baths, is applied. There are also two large swimming tanks, in which bathing is very pleasant, though at first a weird experience. One, who in fresh or sea water, can comfortably plough his way, adopting the same method in the brine bath, soon finds himself in a most uncomfortable and embarrassing predicament. The nether limbs absolutely refuse to be submerged. After a few splashes, a mouthful or two of brine—not by any means a beverage to be recommended—a momentary confusion caused by the laughter of those who forget the exhibitions they themselves once gave, the novice, helped by some friendly hints practically illustrated, is soon quite at his ease. The best means of locomotion through the brine is for the bather to sit as if cycling and pedal away for all he is worth. It is quite wonderful to see a patient hobbling on crutches, suffering agonies while his clothes are removed and he is being helped into the bath, yet once he strikes the water, bending the joints which at other times are so stiff. On account of the extreme buoyancy of the water floating is quite easy, but it is not to be encouraged, as the greater portion of the body is above the surface, and as a result the various chlorides and sulphates do not penetrate the pores. The virtue of the bathing lies chiefly in the expelling of the urates of soda from the tissue, but the brine is also a bracing and invigorating tonic and many athletes use it for this purpose. In Droitwich the waters are the strongest in the world, the solution of salt being 266.6 in 1,000. The water of the Atlantic Ocean, which is the strongest sea water, is 24.7 in 1,000. It was through a very simple accident that the efficacy of brine bathing was first discovered. During the year 1832 a very serious outbreak of Asiatic cholera visited the town, necessitating the isolation of the stricken sufferers. An old disused salt works was fitted up as a temporary hospital and hot baths were found to be an admirable means to help the patients towards recovery. Owing to the difficulty of procuring water, brine was used as a substitute, and it was quickly recognised that its salutary effects were much more potent than those of the ordinary water. Since the happy discovery many in every walk of life, prince as well as peasant, have received much benefit from bathing in the brine. The chief industry of Droitwich is the manufacture of salt and the operation is a very simple one. Large vats or pans filled with brine are kept continuously at boiling point; the water thus passes away in steam and the pure salt crystalizes and sinks to the bottom. The residuum is raked to the sides, compressed in large moulds and placed in a drying room. The effects of colour caused by the boiling of the brine and the slow crystallisation of the salt in the steam-veiled vats are very beautiful.

Many places of interest and beauty are within easy reach Droitwich. Stratford-on-Avon can be readily visited; and Twekesbury, with its ancient abbey, Worcester, with its cathedral and famous porcelain, Malvern, Cheltenham, and Gloucester, to mention but a few, are places that are well worth seeing. In the neighbouring county of Hereford there are also many attractions for excursion, where the Wye winds through sylvan vales and old Tintern majestic even in its decay, once

the home of prayer and joyous psalmody, to-day stands grey and silent.

The very thought of a "cure" oft-times makes one shudder, remembering the old saying that it is sometimes worse than the disease. Such, as will be seen, is certainly not the rule at Droitwich. Perfect rest, bracing air, the absence of noise and the hurly-burly of city life, all may be had here. The spiritual needs of the visitors are carefully attended to by the good Fathers of the Sacred Heart at Witton. For every comfort and attention, as well as for its atmosphere of home, the Raven Hotel, where Mr. Percy Pond does mine host, and to whom the writer gratefully acknowledges his obligation for much of the data of this article, can be gratefully recommended.

HERBERT GREENAN, C.P.

The Passion Flower.

Art thou a type of beauty, or of power,
  Of sweet enjoyment, or disastrous sin?
For each thy name denoteth, Passion-flower.
  O no! thy pure corolla's depth within
We trace a holier symbol; yea, a sign
  'Twixt God and man: a record of that hour
When the expiatory Act divine
  Cancelled the curse that was our mortal dower.

It is the Cross! Never hath Psalmist's tongue
Fitlier of hope to human frailty sung
  Than this mute Teacher in a floret's breast—
A star of guidance the wild woods among;
  A page, with more than lettered lore imprest;
  A beacon to the havens of the Blest!

(SIR) AUBREY DE VERE.

Provincial Jottings.

Mount Argus, Dublin.—Last month we had the pleasure of chronicling the ordination of nine of our students to the Sub-diaconate. Eight of these were promoted to the Diaconate on Passion Sunday, at Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin. The absence of the ninth is accounted for by the fact that he has not yet attained the canonical age.

The fortnight's Retreat for the Confraternity and the people of the district, which ended on Passion Sunday, was extremely well attended. The church was crowded every night, and on several nights there was not standing room, and many persons had to be turned away from the doors. The lectures on the Sacred Passion, given in the mornings by Father Jerome, were also very well attended. The Retreat bore good fruit in many directions, and the general Communion on the closing Sunday was an inspiring sight. There were two closing ceremonies, at both of which there was a crowded attendance. Perhaps,

one of the most gratifying results of the Retreat was the large number of new members enrolled in the Confraternity of the Passion—more than 200, a large proportion of whom were men. This makes a total of about 650 new members for the past twelve months. The Confraternity of the Passion is a "live" Confraternity in Mount Argus at least. We wish the same could be said of all our other houses in these islands.

The Holy Week services were carried out with the customary elaborateness and solemnity, and were very largely attended throughout.

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St. Anne's, Sutton, Lancs.—The Diamond Jubilee Bazaar is now the topic of conversation with everybody connected with St. Anne's. The once distant date has at length drawn near. Wednesday, May 10th, is the day fixed for the opening. The Mayor and Mayoress of St. Helen's have kindly consented to perform the opening ceremonies on the first day. Mr. Beecham is always prominent where there is a question of local charities.

Mr. Stapleton Bretherton is the opener for the second day. Mr. Holden, K.S.G., of Blackburn, will do the honours the third day, and, last, though by no means least, Mrs. Dawson will declare it open the fourth day. Mrs. Dawson is now the only surviving daughter of Mr. Smith, who gave the monastery and grounds of St. Anne's to the Passionist Fathers some sixty years ago. Nothing will give greater pleasure to the people of Sutton than to give Mrs. Dawson a real hearty welcome.

In connection with the Bazaar we are happy to announce that the Northern Union of the Rugby Football Association has kindly granted permission for a match to be played between the Wigan and St. Helen's teams, the proceeds of which will go to the Bazaar. We hope to be able to announce in our next issue a huge success. Kind readers are requested to forward their hampers to Rev. Father Bertrand without delay. The postponed annual re-union and tea party took place on Easter Monday. Considering that numbers of our people were from home holiday-making, this year's re-union lacked nothing of the success of former years. The Children of Mary of St. Thomas of Canterbury's, Windleshaw, performed a very pretty dramatic sketch, entitled "The Martyrdom of St. Winifride."

* * *

St. Mary's, Carmarthen.—Evidence of the practical devotion of the parishioners of St. Mary's was given by their good attendance at the Lenten and Paschal ceremonies, as well as by the large number of communicants on Holy Thursday and Easter Sunday. Rossini's Stabat Mater was creditably rendered by the choir on Good Friday evening, and a fervent sermon on the profound mystery of Calvary preached by Father George. Solemn High Mass was sung on Easter Sunday, and in the evening Father Linus preached an able sermon on the Resurrection. Father Bernard (Rector) and Father Columban returned at the beginning of Holy Week from the Lenten missions which they had been conducting in Birmingham and Westminster dioceses. Under the presidency of Dean Kelly (Pembroke Docks) a conference of the clergy of the Deanery was held at St. Mary's Retreat on 18th April.

* * *

Ardoyne, Belfast—Very Rev. Fr. Hubert has been made the recipient of a very exquisite chalice, in solid 18-carat gold, weighing thirty ounces. We reproduce a photogravure, but the exceedingly high finish and brilliancy of the metal has made it impossible to photograph the details.

The design is quite original, following the broad Romanesque style in its general lines, all details of ornament being ancient Celtic. The cup is supported on the wings of four angels, the interstices between the wings being carved out in the interlaced endless ribbon pattern. The four panels in the node are in the same interlaced work.

The massive base is divided into four large panels. In the front and centre is the Passionist badge in green enamel, the cross being centred by a large diamond. The other three panels are enriched with emeralds, each one weighing one and half carats; each panel is

worked out in a different pattern of the choicest old Celtic interlacing: the whole conception and execution making it one of the finest masterpieces of the goldsmith's art which has been produced in Ireland in modern times. Around the base a graceful Latin inscription, engraved in Irish characters, tells that the donor had the chalice made in gratitude to Father Hubert, and that it is for use in the chapel of St. Paul of the Cross in the Church of Holy Cross, Ardoyne, Belfast.

The new marble altar of St. Joseph is now in course of erection, and, it is hoped, will be finished in time for blessing by His Lordship the Bishop, on the solemn celebration of the Feast of St. Paul of the Cross, which has been postponed for this event until Sunday, the 7th May. The sermons, morning and evening will be preached by the Very Rev. Fr. Hilary, Prov. Consultor.

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The Graan, Enniskillen—The Holy Week services were carried out with great completeness by the little community at the Graan and were attended by large congregations, especially on Good Friday. There was the solemn blessing of the Palms at the last Mass on Palm Sunday with the usual procession: the office of Tenebrae on Wednesday: solemn High Mass with procession to the altar of Repose on Holy Thursday morning, and in the evening the Mandatum was performed by the Rector, who preached an appropriate sermon. The Good Friday services consisted of Mass of the Presanctified at 10 a.m., and in the afternoon at three o'clock Stations of the Cross with sermon by Fr. Augustine: at 7 p.m. a third service was held, at which Fr. Gabriel (Vicar) preached an eloquent sermon on the Passion. The Holy Saturday offices were also fully carried out. The sermons on Easter Sunday were preached by the Rev. Fr. Romuald (Vice-Master) and the Rev. Fr. Gabriel.

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The Holy Week Retreat to the students of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, Dublin, was given by the Very Rev. Fr. Hilary.

* * *

St Joseph's, Highgate.— The Forty Hours' Exposition began as in past years on Passion Sunday and was carried out with great solemnity. The services throughout were attended by large congregations.

The offices of Holy Week were performed with the usual splendour, although the community was at a disadvantage through the absence of several of its members on missions and kindred work. The crowds that approached the Holy Table on Holy Thursday and Easter Sunday constituted a record for Highgate.

On the afternoons of Easter Sunday and Easter Monday an organ recital was given in the church and was listened to with interest by very large congregations.

* * *

St. Mungo's, Glasgow—The lecture on "Wireless Telegraphy" given by Bro. Bonaventure, Superior of St. Mungo's Academy, was attended by a large and appreciative audience. The lecturer dealt in a graphic manner with the technicalities of his subject, and his various experiments with the appa-

ratus held his audience spell-bound for nearly two hours. At the close he was accorded a hearty and well-merited vote of thanks.

The services of Holy Week were carried out with all the pomp and splendour usual with the Passionists in Holy Week. On Thursday evening the sermon was preached by Fr. Charles. On Good Friday Fr. Paul and Fr. Antoninus preached the Passion in the evening. On Easter Sunday there was solemn High Mass with a sermon by Fr. Thomas, and in the evening a sermon by Fr. Cyril.

During the month we lost a notable member of our parish in the person of Mr. Brogan. He was nearly all his life of seventy-nine years in St. Mungo's, and could well remember when Townhead, associated in our minds with nothing but buildings and chimneys, was green fields. He could also readily recall when there was scarcely a Catholic Church in Glasgow, or a convent of nuns. Our heartfelt sympathy is tendered to his relations. R.I.P.

A very successful three nights' entertainment was given by the pupils of the girls' school. The teachers who trained them so successfully are deserving of much credit.

Fr. Thomas, who was conducting a Mission in Sacred Heart Church, Barrow-in-Furness, has returned to St. Mungo's.

The schools, closed during the Easter holidays, are now open, and we ask the parents to send their children punctually. The usual Sunday School has been also resumed, and we hope that there will be no falling off in the attendance.

* * *

Harborne.—The ceremonies of Holy Week and Eastertide were carried out this year with customary care and reverence.

On Holy Thursday evening a very devotional and practical discourse on the "Humility of Christ" was given by Fr. Camillus.

On Good Friday the sermon in the morning was preached by Fr. Finbar and in the evening by Fr. Martin. The choir at the evening service gave a very fine rendering of Gounod's "Daughters of Jerusalem." On Holy Saturday the ceremonies began at 9 o'clock and ended with Mass, at which many of the parishioners assisted.

There was a very large communion on Easter Sunday at the eight o'clock Mass.

The new building is now almost finished, and it is expected that the solemn opening will take place on the last Sunday in May. His Lordship the Bishop will sing the Mass and there will be special sermons on the occasion.

During Lent many of our fathers have laboured with much success on the Missions. Fr. Martin was at Stoke, Fr. Finbar at Colridge and Newcastle, Fr. Vicar at Balsall Heath. For Easter Sunday Fr. Camillus supplied at Wolvey, Fr. Martin at Goldenhill, and Fr. Raymond at Bidworth.

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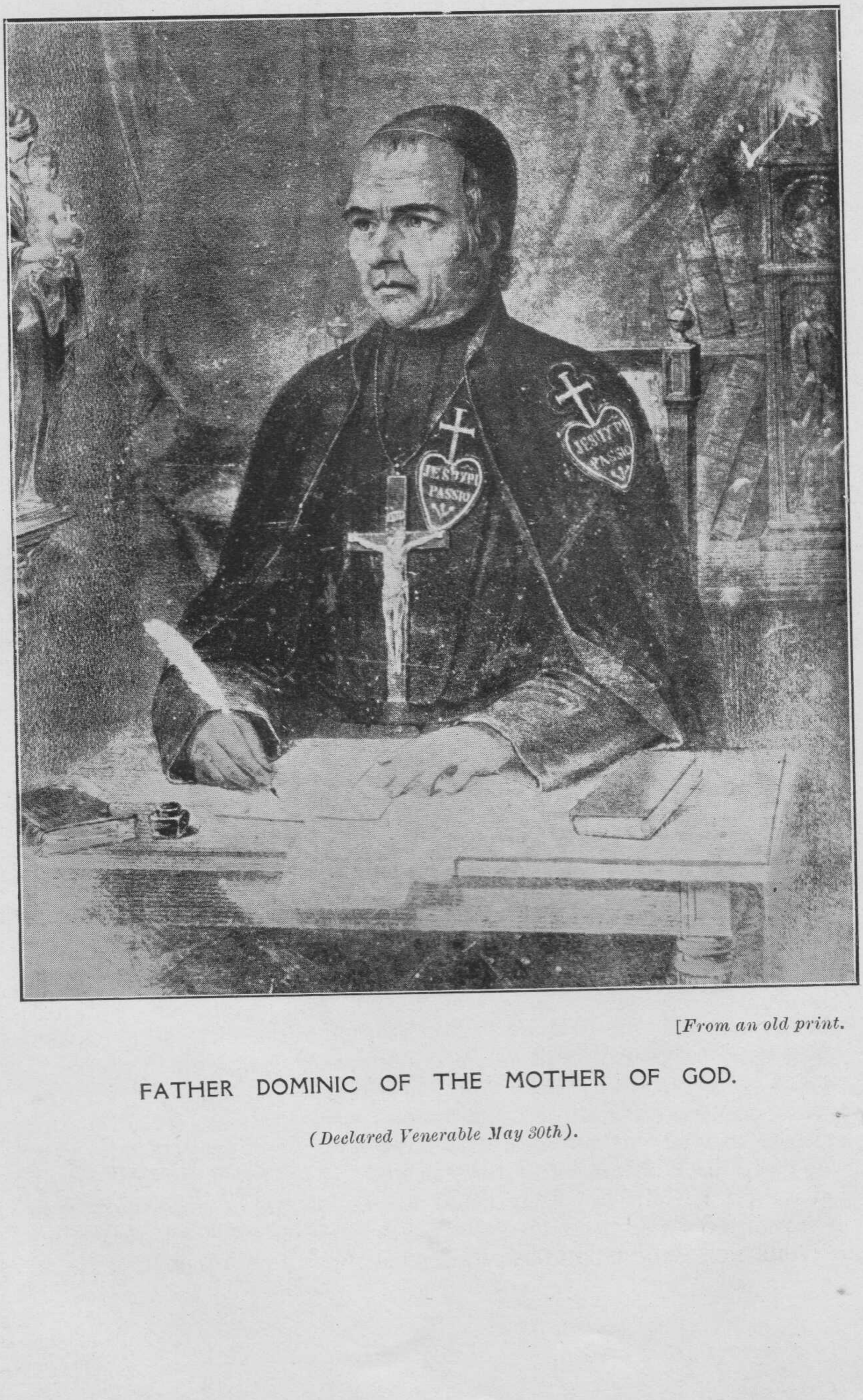
The Retreat, Herne Bay.—The usual Holy Week services were carried out with special solemnity. On Maundy Thursday there was High Mass at 9 o'clock, and in the evening, at 6.30, there were devotions, with sermon by Rev. Fr. Philip, who chose for his subject the act of love and humility wrought by Our Saviour in washing the apostles' feet. On Good Friday the church was crowded for the Way of the Cross, at 3. The evening sermon was preached by the Rev Fr. Louis, who discoursed in eloquent and feeling terms on the Passion of Our Lord. On Easter Sunday at High Mass Rev. Fr. Philip gave a short address. At 6.30 p.m. Very Rev. Fr. Hilary presided at the Solemn Vespers, after which the choir gave a fine rendering of the old hymn, "Ye sons and daughters of the Lord," the congregation joining in. Rev. Fr. Philip preached on the Resurrection, taking as his text 1 Cor. 15, 22: "As in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive." Sir John Knill kindly gave his services on Good Friday and Easter Sunday as master of ceremonies.

The weather was exceptionally fine, and large numbers from London selected this popular resort for their Easter holidays.



[*From an old print.*

FATHER DOMINIC OF THE MOTHER OF GOD.

(Declared Venerable May 30th).